



Lucky SPENCE'S

1077/22
17

LAST ADVICE.

I.V

Three Times the CARLINE grain'd and risted,
Then from the Cod, her Pow she listid,
In bawdy Policy well gifted,
when she now fawn
That Death na langer wad be shifted,
she thus began:

II.V

MY loving Lasses, I maun leave ye,
But dinna wi ye'r Greeting grieve me,
Nor wi your draunts and droning deave me,
but bring's a Gill;
For Faith, my Bairns, ye may believe me,
'tis 'gainst my will.

III.V

O Claper Bess and Shanker Meg,
O'er good to Work or yet to Beg,
Lay Sunkots up for a fair Leg,
for whan ye fail,
Ye'r Face will not be worth a Feg,
nor yet ye'r Tail.

IV. Whan

A

I V.

Whan e'er ye meet a Fool that's fow,
 That ye'r a Maiden gar him trow,
 Seem nice; but stick to him like Grew,
 and whan set down
 Drive at the Jango till he spew,
 syn he'll sleep four

V.

When he's asleep, then dive and catch
 His ready Cash, his Rings or Watch;
 And gin he likes to light his Match
 at your Spunk-Box,
 Ne'er stand to let the fumbling Wratch
 een take the Pox,

V I.

Cleek a ye can be Hook or Crook,
 Ryp ilky Poutch frae Nook to Nook,
 Be sure to Truff his Pocket-Book,
 saxty Pund Scots
 Is nae deaf Nits; in little Bouk
 lys great Bank-Notes.

V I I.

To get a mense of whindging Fools,
 That's frightened for Repenting-Stools,
 Wha often whan their Mettal cools
 turn sweer to pay;
 Gar the Kirk-Boxie hate the Dools
 anither Day.

V I I I.

But daut Red Coats, and let them scoup
 Free, for the fou of cutty Stoup;
 To gee them up ye need na houpe
 e'er to do well;
 They'll rive your Brats and kick ye'r Doup,
 and play the Deel.
 I X. There's

There's ae fair Cross attends the Craft,
 That curst Correction-house, where aft
 Wild Hangy's Taz ye'r Riggins fast
 makes black and blae,
 nough to pit a Body Daft,
 but what'll ye say,

X.

Jane gathers Gear withoutten Care,
 k Pleasure has of Pain a skare,
 suppose then they should tittle ye bare,
 and gar ye fike,
 'en learn to Thole; it's very fair
 ye'r Nibour like.

XI.

Forby, my Looves, count upo' Losses,
 e'r Milkwhyte Teeth, and Cheeks like Roses,
 Whan Jet-Black Hair and Brigs of Noses
 faws down wi Dads,
 To keep your Hearts up 'neath sic Crosses
 set up for Bawds.

XII.

Wi well crish'd Loofs I hae been Canty;
 Whan e'er the Lads wad fain a faun t'ye,
 To try the auld Game Taunty Ranty,
 like Coosers keen,
 They took Advice of me your Aunty
 if ye was Clean.

XIII.

Then up I took my Siller Caw,
 And whistl'd benn whiles ane, whiles twa,
 Roun'd in his Lug that there was a
 poor Country Kate,
 as halefom as the Well of Spaw,
 but unka blate,

XIV. Sae

XIV.

Sae whan e'er Company came in,
 And were upo' a Merry Pin,
 I flaid away wi' little Din
 and muckle Mens
 Left Conscience judge, it was a ane
 to Luckie Spence

XV.

My Bennison come on good Doers,
 Who spend their Cash on Bawds and Whoors
 May they ne'er want the wale of Cures
 for a fair Snout
 Foultaw the Quacks that Fire smoors
 and puts na out

XVI.

My Malison light ilkie Day
 On them that Drinks, and dis na pay,
 But takes a Snack and rins away,
 may't be their Hap,
 Never to want, a Gonorrhæa
 or rotten Clap

XVII.

Lass gee us in anither Gill,
 A Mutchken, Jo, let's tak our fill;
 Let Death syne Registrate his Bill
 when I want Sense,
 I'll slip away with better will;
 quo Luckie Spence

F I N I S

